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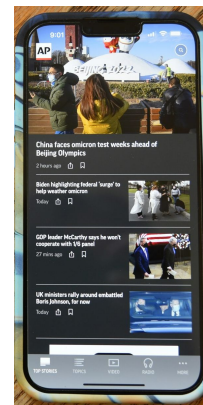
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Connecting

Nov. 27, 2023

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Colleagues,

Good Monday morning on this Nov. 27, 2023,

Connecting brings you sad news of the death of our colleague **Karen J. Ball**, AP’s lead reporter covering Bill Clinton in the 1992 presidential campaign and later the White House correspondent for the New York Daily News. She died last Friday morning, according to a Facebook announcement from her family.

She was the first (and only) woman to serve as AP’s Jefferson City correspondent, leading coverage of the Missouri Capitol.

We will bring you an obituary story when available. I had the privilege of working with Karen in her first AP assignments in Kansas City and Jefferson City, before she moved to the AP’s Washington bureau.

“Karen was as competitive as they come, a requirement to survive and thrive in the crazy business of political reporting,” said **Sandy Johnson**, former Washington AP chief of bureau. “I remember well when she beat the hundreds of reporters in the hunt for

Bill Clinton's running mate. She could smell it and taste it and she wanted it — and she was first. Sweet sweet win. Karen was the real deal. RIP.”

If you have a favorite memory to share of working with Karen, please send it along. Her family said a memorial service is planned at a later date.

Meantime, Karen wrote a Connecting Profile in 2019 and I am sharing it in today's Final Word. It tells in her words about a remarkable career.

20 Days in Mariupol – Our colleague Lee Siegel said the full 95-minute PBS Frontline/Associated Press airing of 20 Days In Mariupol is available for free at [this link](#).

Terry Taylor obituary story in New York Times: Terry Taylor, First Woman Named Sports Editor of The A.P., Dies at 71. Click here to [read](#).

We lead today's issue with a fond remembrance of AP foreign correspondent Jennifer Parmelee – written by her longtime friend and colleague **Frances D'Emilio**, AP correspondent based in Rome. Jennifer – or JP as she was known on the message wire – died Nov. 19 with family and friends with her.

Connecting would welcome your memories of working with Jennifer. And if you have a photo of her to share, please include it in your submission.

Here's to a great week ahead – be safe, stay healthy, live each day to your fullest.

Paul

Jennifer Parmelee: 1958-2023

Frances D'Emilio – *AP correspondent based in Rome* - Jennifer Parmelee and I literally began our AP overseas careers at the same moment – together. In April 1985, while working on what was then called the Foreign Desk at AP headquarters in 50 Rock, as it was known, I was tapped to go to Rome to replace a staffer being transferred to Frankfurt. At the same time, another Rome staffer's temporary assignment to Beirut, during Lebanon's civil war, was clearly becoming permanent, so then-AP foreign editor Nate Polowetzky decided to send a second staffer to Rome. Jennifer, then working on the then-World Desk for about a year, was selected.

We flew on the same Pan Am flight and, it turned out, thanks to a COB who saw an opportunity to save money, were booked into the same Rome hotel room. Would that have happened to two men, we wondered? No matter that one of us was working nightside, the other dayside, and trying to get some sleep in the same room was challenging – it was the start of a beautiful friendship. For while my overseas career was to last for decades, and be anchored in Rome, Jennifer would leave The AP in three years and spend the next decades in three continents, leaving journalism in the process. But our cherished friendship flourished, across time and place.

Among Jennifer's first assignments – barely two months later – was the Stava dam collapse in northern Italy, which wiped out a resort hotel filled with summer

vacationers. She was shaken by her first experience of coming upon scores of mangled bodies. Other assignments were lighter – I recall she was dispatched to cover the G-7 in Venice in 1987, I believe. And when then NY Gov. Mario Cuomo's wife, Matilda, came to Italy to find her southern Italian family roots, then News Editor Victor Simpson sent Jennifer on her trail on the storied Amalfi Drive. "Rent a big car," Victor told her. "You need something that will hug the road."

Jennifer was also dispatched to Malta to cover a hijacking. When the NYT reporter got an interview with the Maltese prime minister, and JP – as her AP initials on messages would have it – did not, Polowetzky sent an irate letter, suggesting that the next such occasion, Jennifer "show a little leg." JP would put that in her resignation letter in early 1988. But I am skipping ahead. In any case, Jennifer already had a taste of male-dominated foreign correspondent culture. Takeout in those days in Italy consisted of heavy ceramic plates – a pasta bowl and an underplate – no plastic containers in the 80s! – and the men in the bureau would have Jennifer and I bring the dirty plates of all of us – including the male correspondents, back to the restaurant. We staggered under the weight of the plates and silverware, piled into empty vegetable boxes, back to the restaurant. We were the rookies, and we were "the girls."

Jennifer's signature reporting assignments came in Libya. She would joke that she'd always miss her birthday at home – it fell in early September – because each year she'd be sent down to Tripoli to cover the anniversary of the Sept. 1, 1969, coup that brought Moammar Gadhafi to power.

On one of JP's reporting trips to Libya, she called me one night while I was late in the office. She said she wanted me to know where she was going to be the next hours. With phones tapped in Libya, one has to choose words carefully, and I understood perfectly, when she replied, when I asked her if she were in danger, "Fran, I think tonight I will be the safest person in Libya." It would be one of several encounters she'd have with Gadhafi. That time, he was dressed in what Jennifer called his "ready for action" one-piece zippered jump suit. To fend off Gadhafi, Jennifer later recounted to me, she waved her hand with her diamond engagement ring (she would soon marry Mark Thomas, who had been a reporter for a Denver paper when Jennifer held her first full-time position with AP, as a newsperson in the Denver bureau under the legendary Joe McGowan.) Her method work – Gadhafi respected her loyalty to Mark, but said: "You must invite me to your wedding." A couple years later, when married, and then working for the Washington Post, Gadhafi when he saw her again in Tripoli, and noticed the wedding band, asked her: "How come you didn't invite me to the wedding?"

Indeed, Jennifer later went to the Post as a kind of "super-stringer" in Rome, taking the place of full-time Post correspondent Loren Jenkins. Her last assignment for AP, in early 1988, was covering the World Figure Skating championships -- grace and grit -- a complete opposite to her Libya beat. But she continued her annual reporting trips to Libya. I replaced Jennifer on the AP's Libya beat. Once, while in the famous Hotel Kabir in Tripoli and rooming (this time willingly together) we heard a knock on the door about 2 a.m. It was a Libyan man saying, "I'm here to collect your laundry." No one had made a laundry request, and we were sure he was ready to take off with our underwear, and we left him outside the door. Another time, to shake off our "minders" we hid behind bushes outside the hotel and as the minders frantically looked for us, we dashed to a taxi to take us to Leptis Magna, the once glorious

ancient Roman city, which had months earlier, been devastated by flooding and we wanted to report on it.

A current AP foreign correspondent, who had done a Rome internship when Jennifer was with AP, recalls her as a gentle and kind soul who kept all her Libyan files stashed in a duffel bag under the intern's desk. No iCloud then!

Her friend Shelley Slade recalls that Jennifer's AP relationship began while in college, as she covered Princeton sports for AP while on campus. She recalls Jennifer wanted to be a journalist since childhood. And "she was a wonderful journalist, somehow able to hit the balance between reporting on stories with empathy and concern while remaining objective and using her great critical thinking skills."

At Princeton, Jennifer, also known to her friends and family as Jenni, majored in Near Eastern Studies and studied Farsi. She became interested in pursuing that field, after her freshman year, when during the summer of 1977, she visited one of her roommates, who is Persian, in Iran. (Shelley recalls how in Jennifer's freshman year, they roomed with the granddaughter of the Shah, Mahnaz Zahedi, and "Jenni would often see men in raincoats looking up at our room across Holder courtyard in the middle of the night!")

There are various stories of Jennifer working for the AP at the 1980 Moscow Olympics. Shelly's recollection is this: "when she was in a movie theater in Moscow, and Afghani athlete – there for the Olympics, approached her in the dark and asked her if she could help him defect to the U.S." This was, of course, during the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan.

Shelly also has a Libyan story, saying Jennifer told her that on one of her reporting trips, Gadhafi introduced her to a visiting Yassir Arafat by saying, "come meet my friend, Jennifer." Shelley, who attended Greenwich Country Day School for some years with Jennifer, recalls her this way: "She was a wonderful and creative writer and so imaginative as I recall her 9th grade project where she committed to blindfolding herself for a week to examine what a blind person might experience, and reporting that experience to classmates."

Jennifer's first tenure in Rome ended when her husband, Mark, decided he no longer wanted to cover film festivals and entertainment fluff for Variety as their Italy correspondent, and took a job with UNICEF in Addis, in Ethiopia. She continued to work for the Washington Post from there, and I believe reporting took her to Somalia and Rwanda.

Jennifer and Mark grew apart and he left to take a transfer with UNICEF to Bangkok, where he'd eventually marry a woman from Cambodia and start a family. Jennifer instead in Addis met the man who would become her second husband, Tsegaye Hidaru, a businessman who ran a café in Ethiopia, and who would be the father of her two children. Her daughter, Sarafina, was born in 1996, her other daughter, Sophie, was born in 2001.

After she and Tsegaye left Ethiopia the first time, Jennifer freelanced, mostly editing U.N. reports. The family moved back for a time to Ethiopia, where Jennifer taught journalism, mentoring a generation of young reporters.

A couple of years later, Jennifer and her family moved back to D.C. for her work as an Africa editor for VOA, before moving on to the WFP.

Her diplomat friend recalls that when stringing for the Post in Africa, “she risked her life covering lots of important events, including Rwanda, Sudan and the Ethiopian civil war that resulted in the newly independent country of Eritrea.

“I visited during shortly after the war ended and she threw a party. Right before the guests arrived, Jenni, dressed in a long formal gown, went to the closet, unlocked it, and calmly pulled out an AK-47 to give to the gate guard.”

While based in the D.C. area, Jennifer and her family lived in Chesapeake Beach, a picturesque town on Chesapeake Bay. The charming house, including fine cabinetry, was built from scratch by Tsegaye, who had earned his U.S. contractor’s license. Jennifer commuted by a long bus ride to D.C., where she worked in the communications department of the Washington office of the U.N.’s food aid agency, the World Food Program.

When under the U.N. system, it was time to move to another position, Jennifer opted to return to Rome, in 2010, to serve at WFP’s headquarters, in charge of all internal publications and other communications. When that four-year stint ended, Jennifer, vibrant and as brilliant as ever, took a leave of absence, determined to get a Masters in Public Administration, and write a book profiling people who devote their life to humanitarian work, and explore what makes them so dedicated. She and her family, and her beloved tiny dog moved back to the Washington, D.C. area.

In her last years, Jennifer bravely and admiringly coped with the ever-worsening complications of PSP – Progressive Supranuclear Palsy – a rare, degenerative neurological disorder that causes steadily worsening impairment of balance and walking and impaired eye movement and speech difficulties. Almost to the end, she kept her signature laugh and chuckle. Eventually, the progression of the disease forced Jennifer to leave her seaside home to be cared for in an assisted living in Bethesda, Maryland, where she passed away on Nov. 19, with family and friends attending.

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Carol J Williams - *AP 1980-90, Seattle, New York, Moscow, Bonn* - I am so saddened to learn of Jennifer Parmelee’s death. I hadn’t seen her for many years but knew of her health struggles from a mutual friend. Jennifer and I started our foreign correspondent careers together on the AP World Desk in 1983 and spent time together when I took vacations to Italy from my posting in Moscow. She was an intelligent and caring woman who contributed much to our AP foreign-reporting contingent goal of keeping American readers informed about the world beyond U.S. shores. RIP.

More memories of Terry Taylor

Dave Tomlin – Thinking about Terry Taylor and reading what others said about her brings back everything I loved about working with other AP people. The first time I

ever spoke to her she was working the night desk in Philadelphia. I was in some rural Pennsylvania county seat covering a multi-day trial of the patriarch of a family crime ring that stole trucks, farm combines and other heavy equipment. Terry took my overnighter over the phone. It was late and I was tired, but Terry was brisk, cheerful, competent and friendly, and also familiar with the story. She perked me up, and my PMer was much better than it would have been not many years later when I could have just written it by myself and hit the send key.

Micronesia

[Jeff Donn](#) - For more on the sometimes forgotten fighting in Micronesia, newsletter readers with access to YouTube TV can watch America's Lost WWII Heroes, Expedition Unknown, season 12, episodes 1 and 2 playing at various dates in November. The shows chronicle the work of a small team of researchers, including my postdoc daughter Leila Character, to find the remains of US warplanes and their crews that crashed in the waters off Chuuk, Micronesia. The team does this kind of work around the world at part of a private-academic-government partnership known as Project Recover. Episode 1 focuses on the historical context and introduces the work and team members from the globe-trotting University of Delaware arm of Project Recover. It explains how the team employs my daughter's artificially intelligent computer model to detect the sonar signature of crashed planes (not that I am proud). Episode 2 focuses on a local eyewitness who says he remembers the execution of two American servicemen by the Japanese. It also shows the team's successful location and dive to the first of scores of WWII US crashes of attacking warplanes in the lagoon, which served as a huge Japanese military base at the time.

More memories of JFK assassination

[Joe Galu](#) - Where was I when I heard that JFK had been shot? I was walking home from college classes, about four blocks. There was an eerie calm on the street. When I reached the dormitories, I heard a young woman crying. I asked, 'What's wrong?' and she said the President's been shot. (We capitalized President and Pope back then.). I ran into a side door (against the rules), ran up to my third-floor room and turned on the radio, because I knew when the news would be on. I struggled to believe my ears. I walked two blocks to St. Vincent de Paul's Church in Albany and saw a lot of people already there, all of us praying. After about an hour I realized I did not know what I was praying for -- recovery, survival, salvation for his soul? More people were arriving in a quite large church (it seats 1,000), and they had a different demeanor, which told me he was dead. I walked back to the dorm. We crowded into the only TV lounge in the building and heard Walter Cronkite announce his death while toying oddly with his glasses. The next few days were very rough.

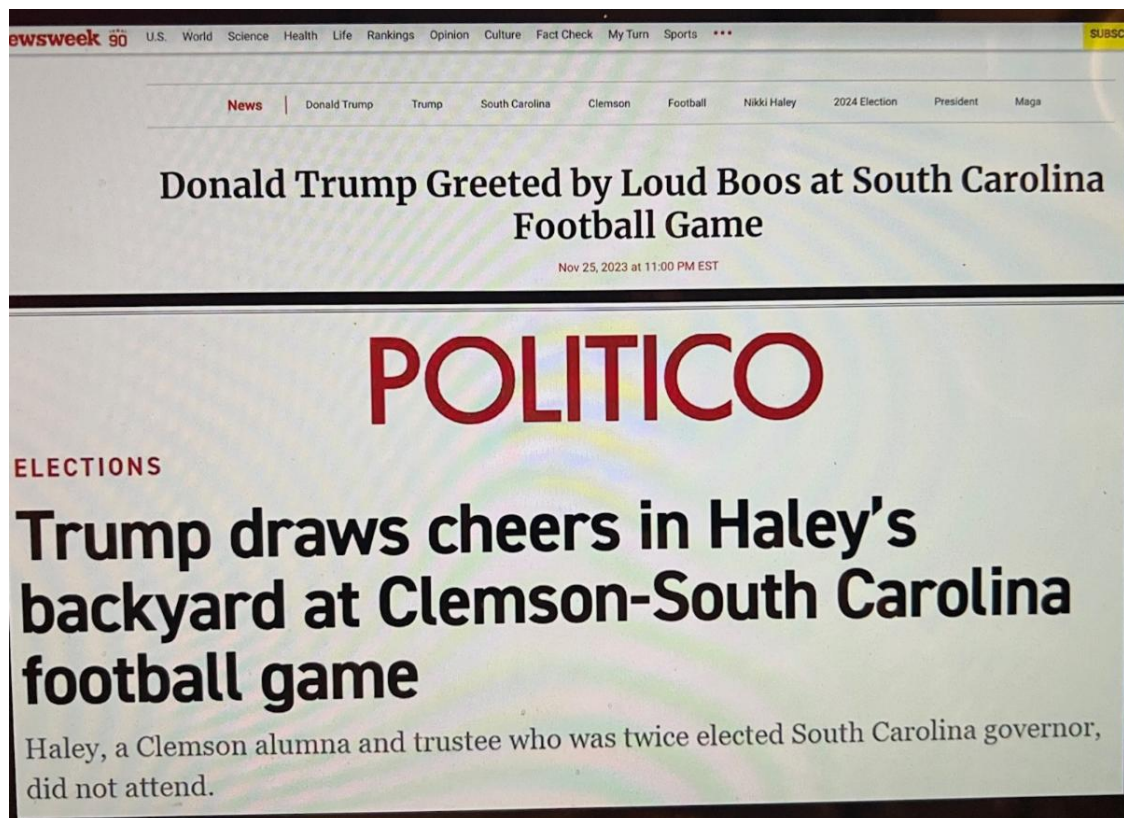
I remain deeply dissatisfied by the many failures of the investigation. In addition to the much-discussed complaints about the magic bullet (nonsense), there was a secret autopsy performed before his body was returned to Washington for the supposed autopsy. One investigator weighed all of the bullet fragments and the magic bullet and concluded it would be too big and too heavy to be fired by Lee Harvey Oswald's rifle. And the government still will not release all of the information it has been sitting on since 1963. I'd like to see it all or at least news reports before I die.

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Valerie Komor – On Nov. 22, 1963, my sister and I were in the first grade at McKinley School in Davenport, Iowa. My mother arrived at the school about 1245 p.m. Central Time, as she had been invited to visit both of her daughters' classes. Once inside the main office, she heard the radio there announce that the president had been shot. She immediately took us out of school, and we met my father (who had left work) at Trinity Cathedral, where parishioners had gathered to pray in the middle of the day.

I did not fully understand what had happened. But I was frightened. And the red leather kneelers were hard on my small knees.

As we had no TV, we went to the neighbors' house to watch the funeral on the hulking RCA. Those black and white images were then engraved permanently on my mind and gave me nightmares that took years to dissipate.

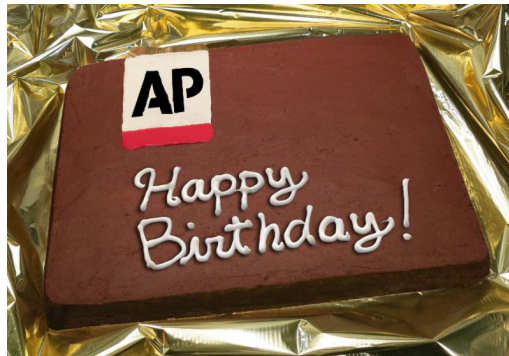


Doug Pizac - Saturday was the South Carolina-Clemson FBC game. Trump attended, however his visit got two very opposite reactions from the fans according to the headlines by Newsweek and POLITICO.

Same event, or was it? The polarization is amazing.

Newsweek's Mission Statement on its website says, "We are committed to journalism that's factual and fair. POLITICO's vision on its About page says, "We dedicate ourselves to providing accurate, nonpartisan impactful information...".

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



[Ann Joyce](#)

Stories of interest

From Niagara Falls to Texas to Gaza, a horrifying look into the abyss of a post-truth future (Philadelphia Inquirer)

by Will Bunch | Columnist

"There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad." — George Orwell, 1984

In the ever-shrinking world of a free and fair media, the recent weeks have brought an explosion of untruth and a stepped-up war on reality. With democracy increasingly staring into the abyss both at home and abroad, propaganda and censorship are the double-edged sword of rising dictatorship. And now with violent hacking coming from both sides of the blade, it is indeed an increasing struggle to cling to the dream of truth-flavored sanity.

Americans got a scary peek into what the rising confluence of right-wing authoritarianism and its quasi-state media could accomplish on the day before Thanksgiving. That's when what turned out to be a tragic, fatal car crash at the wrong time in the wrong way at the wrong place — a bridge border crossing between the U.S. and Canada in Niagara Falls — became a launching pad for a Big Lie about immigration and terror that circled the globe several times before the mundane truth put its pants on.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Richard Chady.

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A Powerful Tool for Fighting Corruption Is Going Extinct (New York Times)

By Serge Schmemann

Mr. Schmemann is a member of the editorial board.

There was a time when road trips I took invariably included picking up local papers. I'd read from Page 1 through to the editorials and sports. They offered a screenshot of a small but real world — an ongoing scandal on the school board, a winning season at the high school, the death of a beloved teacher.

Many reporters of my (advanced) age got their starts on small daily or weekly papers, back then fixtures in most every town or suburb. Mine was The News Tribune in Woodbridge, N.J., an independent daily with a circulation of about 58,000. We covered everything from school board meetings to a local kid who made Eagle Scout. The first big story I covered was a local election, a crash course in politics and the source of one of the best — and possibly most prophetic — quotes I ever got, from an incumbent mayor who lost and snarled, "The two-party system is divisive."

Looking back at those papers isn't just the nostalgia of an old newspaperman. They were the building blocks of community, democracy, politics. Their loss is a major reason behind the acute polarization and political confusion we are suffering today. "In the past decade, a broad perception has formed that local news is in a serious crisis," write Ellen Clegg and Dan Kennedy, both veteran journalists, in their new book, "What Works in Community News: Media Start-Ups, News Deserts, and the Future of the Fourth Estate," which explores ways in which various communities are trying to fill the vacuum.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Sibby Christensen, Dennis Conrad.

Connecting profile

Karen Ball



From Connecting issue of 9/23/2019

Karen Ball - Before tweets, the internet and 24-hour cable, when cell phones were the size of a shoe, I was one of the lucky "girls on the bus." Not just any girl but the AP's lead reporter on Bill Clinton in 1992. I don't say that in a big-headed way, but it was a tremendous and sometimes terrifying responsibility. I had the time of my life.

"Hey, Karen, what's the lead?" other reporters would call out, a respectful nod to the mighty Walter Mears, AP's longtime top political writer.

For this old-timer, I feel blessed to have covered a campaign before social media. We had so much access and the candidates needed the press to get their message out - they couldn't just tap out their thoughts or an announcement on a cell phone.

I was born in Kansas City and always dreamed of a big-city newspaper job. Serendipity had its own timeline. The Missouri j-school was just two hours away and student loans made it affordable. As a senior at Mizzou, I picked the legislative beat, calculating it was the fastest route to the most bylines. Then Jefferson City AP correspondent Jim Willis liked my work and gave me a relief job. That led to a relief job in Topeka, where I got to learn from the legendary Lew Ferguson.

I transferred to the AP's Kansas City bureau for a year, and what a year it was for a lifelong baseball fan. I jumped at the chance to help cover the AL playoffs and the World Series. While I was shagging quotes in the locker room, most of the players-including the great George Brett-were dignified and kept their clothes on. But Bret Saberhagen and Buddy Biancalana pranced around in the nude. I think there was only one other woman in the locker room with me that day. Fortunately, I assume that's a different scene now.

I returned to Jeff City when the No. 2 job opened, and when Willis unexpectedly left the industry, Kansas City COB Paul Stevens entrusted me to run the statehouse bureau at age 26. It was a fantastic job. "The governor needs to see you," an aide might whisper in my ear during the legislative session. The post also gave me freedom to cover murders, manhunts and the oddball feature in outstate Missouri. Every August, someone drew the short straw to go find a story at the State Fair in Sedalia. How fun when the St. Louis Post-Dispatch gave me a front-page byline for my story on belly dancers performing at the GOP fairgrounds tent!

By now I had my heart set on Washington. With strong backing from Stevens, I got an interview with the late Jon Wolman, then Washington bureau chief. After talking politics for an hour, he offered me a job on the national desk.

Wolman liked to groom political reporters by putting them on the Labor beat. So I found myself studying union intrigue, covering national strikes and trying to decipher federal jobs' statistics. Thank heavens my desk mate was the AP's gifted economics writer Marty Crutsinger, with Dave Skidmore just across the aisle. We called it the "poets' corner," since we dealt with dry numbers and charts. It always floored me when an unemployment report was so newsworthy that my name was atop the economic roundup to lead the national digest.

Meanwhile, I jumped at every chance to take a White House pool, following the elder President Bush to Camp David, to the theater, or fishing on the Potomac. Some people found protective duty a bore, but to me, motorcades were thrilling.

In early 1992, before Clinton secured the nomination, I also followed Bob Kerrey, Paul Tsongas and Jerry Brown in the early voting states. Brown, then a bachelor and former California governor, was the only candidate who was ever remotely flirtatious. "So, have you been on any dates since I saw you last?" he asked once.

Covering Clinton was a sprint and marathon all at once. If he was awake, I was awake. That meant some days went from 5 a.m. until 2 a.m. the next day. Fueled by caffeine and adrenaline, I was with him wall-to-wall as he crisscrossed the nation, often hitting multiple states in a day.

Because I was always in the pool of reporters with Clinton, my newspaper colleagues let me be one to follow Clinton along rope lines, my trusty Sony tape recorder in hand as he chatted with supporters. I caught every word and typed up pool reports if anything interesting was said. Those were frantic days, filing both for the AM and PM cycle, until midsummer when Steve Komarow rode to the rescue. He was senior to me and could have bigfooted me off the AM cycle, but he was far too classy for that. Sadly, Komarow passed away a year ago.

Occasionally on a long flight, a Clinton aide would pull the Washington Post's David Maraniss and me to the front cabin to join the candidate for a game of hearts. These were off-the-record events, but I always hoped Clinton might say something telling. No such luck. He took his card games deadly seriously, so there wasn't a lot of chit-chat. Clinton was usually of good humor but you could see disappointment cross his face if another player missed a move that could have helped to destroy whoever was winning at the moment.

Pool duty wasn't always fun. It meant long hours cramped in a van behind the governor's mansion in Little Rock, or sitting outside a private ballroom fundraiser. There were pay-offs - Clinton stayed at the Hotel del Coronado whenever he was in San Diego, so we did, too. Have you tried the St. Regis in New York? That is one swell hotel!

I had the 3 a.m. bulletin out of Little Rock when Clinton asked Al Gore to be his running mate. That was the biggest scoop of my AP career. But just as fun and gratifying was covering the daily rallies, especially as the crowds grew. Some of you will remember that back then, reporters were mostly viewed with respect. Clinton usually ran late. So by the time he arrived there had to be a path created through the crowd for the traveling press to get to the risers. It was both discomfiting and heady to feel the gaze of thousands of curious eyes on us as we hustled by laden with laptops slung over our shoulders, our beepers and press tags dangling around our necks.

I spent a couple of days on President Bush's campaign to see how that side worked. My two big memories: Mary Matalin saw me kneeling in a hotel lobby tapping on my keyboard and said, "Gawd, your job is worse than mine." And the ride in the chase helicopter behind Marine One. The back doors were open and it was raining. I got as close to that open door as I could, sitting next to the big guys with guns to watch the landscape passing below. I remember the mist spraying my face and thinking I had the best job in the world.

After Clinton won, I was desperate for the White House beat. But Wolman wanted me on the Hill, so I spent a year learning from the best of the best - Komarow, Merrill Hartson and others. I think the relatively normal hours also gave me a chance to nurture a budding romance. I had fallen for a Washington Post reporter's writing long before I met him when he turned up on the Clinton plane before Super Tuesday. David Von Drehle asked me out at an inauguration party in 1993, and we've been together ever since.

With a lot of trepidation and only after consulting journalistic icons like Ben Bradlee, I left the AP in January 1994 because the New York Daily News offered me a huge pay bump to cover the White House. They sweetened the offer by telling me I'd be on Air Force One to Russia right away. I was worried about the screaming tabloid headlines, but Bradlee was unfazed. "They gotta sell papers!"

Traveling the world with a President was a priceless adventure. I had a front row seat on scenes like Clinton's peacemaking trip to Northern Ireland, his walk along Omaha Beach on the 50th anniversary of D-Day, and the funeral of assassinated Israeli leader Yitzhak Rabin, to name just a few big moments.

But after three years, I grew weary of the tabloid wars and all the travel. I wanted a family. I left the Daily News and had a pretty good freelance operation launched when my son arrived. Von Drehle and I decided we could afford for me to stay home. Three daughters soon followed.

We left D.C. 12 years ago to get closer to family. Fortunately, The Washington Post likes having a columnist out here in the "real world." In my spare time, I've done some freelancing and ghostwriting on a few book projects. But mostly, I've used my AP skills-never afraid to bat out a letter or ask a tough question! - in raising money for public schools and city parks. I haven't counted, but Von Drehle says I've raised well over \$1 million. I also volunteer for my local high school's journalism program, critiquing stories and offering feedback to students.

Keep writing, I tell them. No matter how the business changes, the world will always want solid information and yearn for a good narrative tale.

Today in History - Nov. 27, 2023



Today is Monday, Nov. 27, the 331st day of 2023. There are 34 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Nov. 27, 1978, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone (mah-SKOH'-nee) and City Supervisor Harvey Milk, a gay-rights activist, were shot to death inside City Hall by former supervisor Dan White. (White served five years for manslaughter; he took his own life in October 1985.)

On this date:

In 1901, the U.S. Army War College was established in Washington, D.C.

In 1924, Macy's first Thanksgiving Day parade — billed as a "Christmas Parade" — took place in New York.

In 1942, during World War II, the Vichy French navy scuttled its ships and submarines in Toulon (too-LOHN') to keep them out of the hands of German troops.

In 1962, the first Boeing 727 was rolled out at the company's Renton Plant near Seattle.

In 1970, Pope Paul VI, visiting the Philippines, was slightly wounded at the Manila airport by a dagger-wielding Bolivian painter disguised as a priest.

In 1973, the Senate voted 92-3 to confirm Gerald R. Ford as vice president, succeeding Spiro T. Agnew, who'd resigned.

In 1998, answering 81 questions put to him three weeks earlier, President Bill Clinton wrote the House Judiciary Committee that his testimony in the Monica Lewinsky affair was "not false and misleading."

In 2000, a day after George W. Bush was certified the winner of Florida's presidential vote, Al Gore laid out his case for letting the courts settle the nation's long-count election.

In 2003, President George W. Bush flew to Iraq under extraordinary secrecy and security to spend Thanksgiving with U.S. troops and thank them for "defending the American people from danger."

In 2008, Iraq's parliament approved a pact requiring all U.S. troops to be out of the country by Jan. 1, 2012.

In 2015, a gunman attacked a Planned Parenthood clinic in Colorado Springs, Colorado, killing three people and injuring nine. (The prosecution of suspect Robert Dear stalled in state court, and then federal court, after he was repeatedly found mentally incompetent to stand trial.)

As he tried to bolster his support in the wake of a sexual harassment allegation, Minnesota Democratic Sen. Al Franken apologized to "everyone who has counted on me to be a champion for women." (Franken would later resign.)

In 2020, President Donald Trump's legal team suffered another defeat as a federal appeals court in Philadelphia roundly rejected the campaign's latest effort to challenge Pennsylvania's election results.

In 2021, the new potentially more contagious omicron variant of the coronavirus popped up in more European countries, just days after being identified in South Africa.

In 2022, protesters pushed to the brink by China's strict COVID measures in Shanghai called for the removal of the country's all-powerful leader and clashed with police as crowds took to the streets in several cities.

Today's Birthdays: Footwear designer Manolo Blahnik is 81. Academy Award-winning director Kathryn Bigelow is 72. TV host Bill Nye (the Science Guy") is 68. Actor William Fichtner (FIHK'-nuhr) is 67. Caroline Kennedy is 66. Academy Award-winning screenwriter Callie Khouri is 66. Rock musician Charlie Burchill (Simple Minds) is 64. Actor Michael Rispoli is 63. Jazz composer/big band leader Maria Schneider is 63. Former Minnesota Gov. Tim Pawlenty is 63. Rock musician Charlie Benante (Anthrax) is 61. Rock musician Mike Bordin (Faith No More) is 61. Actor Fisher Stevens is 60. Actor Robin Givens is 59. Actor Michael Vartan is 55. Actor Elizabeth Marvel is 54. Rapper Skoob (DAS EFX) is 53. Actor Kirk Acevedo is 52. Rapper Twista is 51. Actor Jaleel White is 47. Actor Arjay Smith is 40. Actor Alison Pill is 38. Actor Lashana Lynch (TV: "Still Star-Crossed") is 36.

Got a story or photos to share?

Connecting is a daily newsletter published Monday through Friday that reaches more than 1,800 retired and former Associated Press employees, present-day employees, and news industry and journalism school colleagues. It began in 2013. Past issues can be found by clicking Connecting Archive in the masthead. Its author, Paul Stevens, retired from the AP in 2009 after a 36-year career as a newsman in Albany and St. Louis, correspondent in Wichita, chief of bureau in Albuquerque, Indianapolis and Kansas City, and Central Region vice president based in Kansas City.

Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:

- **Connecting "selfies"** - a word and photo self-profile of you and your career, and what you are doing today. Both for new members and those who have been with us a while.

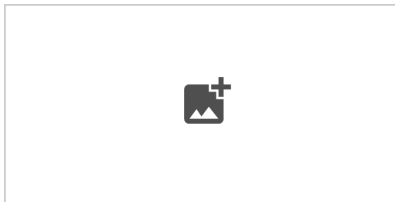
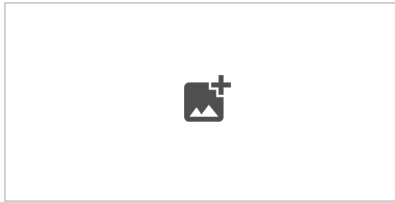
- **Second chapters** - You finished a great career. Now tell us about your second (and third and fourth?) chapters of life.

- **Spousal support** - How your spouse helped in supporting your work during your AP career.



- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.
- **"A silly mistake that you make"**- a chance to 'fess up with a memorable mistake in your journalistic career.
- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.
- **Volunteering** - benefit your colleagues by sharing volunteer stories - with ideas on such work they can do themselves.
- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?
- **Most unusual** place a story assignment took you.

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